

SHE IS 02 AND SHE NEVER LOVED

Miss Rachel Martense Said More Than Eighty Years Ago that She Would Not Wed and Her Word Is Kept.

SHE FEARS NOT DEATH.

Likes the Independence Shown by the Women of To-Day, and Invites Friends to Come and See Her a Year from Now.

"Girls are just the same now as they were eighty years ago—the only difference is the opportunities given them," said Miss Rachel Martense today to an Evening World reporter as she recalled the events of a memorable lifetime.

One hundred and two years ago to-day Rachel Martense opened her eyes for the first time on the old Martense homestead at Flatbush. To-day she is receiving the congratulations of her friends for the unusual celebration which marks her one hundred and second birthday.

Seated in front of a glowing grate fire on a couch piled high with pillows "Miss Rachel," as her faithful attendant Ellen Brennan always calls her, talked of the days when she was the belle of Flatbush and the gay gallants of the neighborhood came a-courting her.

Since those days the bright locks of Rachel Martense have turned to silver, but with the same delicate precision which marked her early days she has her white hair waved in a picturesque frame about her face.

Never Wanted to Marry.

"I don't see why people should think it necessary for me to have married," said Miss Rachel, looking for confirmation of her statement to the faithful Ellen. "That is a matter that I don't think any woman should discuss freely. I never married because I never loved a man enough to do so. I said when I was a young girl that I would always live single, and I have kept my word. I must say, though, that when I read that statement over eighty years ago I did not think I would live to repeat it on my one hundred and second birthday."

"Girls to-day think they have to be continually living in excitement. In my girlhood I was content to live quietly. My amusements consisted in working in my garden, which I loved better than anything else, riding over the country on my pony or with my mother in the carriage, or enjoying myself along the beach. I was perfectly happy in this kind of a life and did not find it necessary to think of excitement. I learned to sew when I was very young, and I also painted and embroidered."

The sitting-room in which the wonderful old lady spends the greater part of her time is filled with old paintings and wonderfully embroidered sofa cushions and old-fashioned tidies—all the work of her own hands.

Like Independence.

"There is one thing I think is commendable in the women of to-day," said Miss Rachel, with fervor, "and that is their independence on the marriage question. Long ago, when I was a girl, it was a disgrace for a young woman to be independent in the matter. It is her own affair, and if she prefers to earn her own living it is no one's business."

Miss Martense's eyes are still a deep blue, and when she speaks of her long life and its remarkable quietude, her expression is one that has never been ruffled by trouble.

"I have never had any experiences," she said. "I have always lived very quietly. Just a home life. I never went to balls and dances, for I did not care for them. I think the secret of my old age is that I have lived such a consistent unexcited life."

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"What did Joe bring home?" she asked of her attendant. "Everything getting ready for my dinner?"

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LEGALLY INSANE ENJOYS HIMSELF

Mr. Hotchkiss, of Connecticut, Won't Go Back to Oblige His Friends, Who Want Him to Enter an Asylum.

ALL IS PREPARED FOR HIM.

While the State of Connecticut is trying to induce Frederick M. Hotchkiss to return to Meriden and enter an insane asylum, the latter is having a good time in this city, the guest of a number of clubs and the host of vicious parties.

His guardian was seeking him last night while he was giving a supper to a party of fashionable friends in a Sixth Avenue restaurant. Mr. Hotchkiss admits that his mother and grandmother died insane, but he declares that he has more sense than the persons who are trying to put him in the asylum.

While at dinner, having a good time, he laughingly told that his wife had left him and that his daughter, Mrs. Effie Miller, of Meriden, had brought the proceedings in the Surrogate's Court which resulted in the appointment of John W. Coe as a guardian for him.

Seeks Safety in New York.

It was while these proceedings were on that Hotchkiss left Meriden and came to New York, where he believes he is safe from extradition.

Mr. Hotchkiss is the guest now of his business partner, J. Francis Kelly, of Havana, Cuba, who is living at No. 73 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. He is a familiar figure in the clubs of this city. He is Keeper of the Records and Seal of the Thirtieth Ward and was known as one of the boldest and brightest members of that organization.

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"I was prepared to go into business with him," said Mr. Kelly. "We had planned to start an automobile agency together in Cuba, but Mr. Hotchkiss became so peculiar that I broke off the connection."

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"Last night he left my house and went to 'Jack's.' Later he sent for me. I went there to close up with him some of the matters still between us. I found him surrounded by reporters, to whom he was telling his story. He had been drinking a good deal, and so I made an engagement to meet him this afternoon in 'Jack's' and left him. He has not returned to my house."

Hotchkiss is about fifty years old and rich. The insane proceedings resulted after a series of peculiar escapades. For twenty years he has been President of the Connecticut State Athletic Union, and while on the train going to the annual convention in Hartford he went through the cars insisting on smoking the silk hats of all the passengers.

As Fire Commissioner of Meriden he ordered the caterpillar of the Connecticut State Athletic Union to be very much to his liking and drive him to his home. The Aldermen dismissed him for his conduct.

He has written a sarcastic letter to the man who was appointed his guardian, John W. Coe, inviting him to come to New York and talk it over, and declaring that he is perfectly able to take care of himself. In fact, more so than those who are trying to have him put in an asylum. Hotchkiss owns property all over the country and is said to be very rich, but the Court has tied up his property, placing it under the care of his guardian.

While at dinner, having a good time, he laughingly told that his wife had left him and that his daughter, Mrs. Effie Miller, of Meriden, had brought the proceedings in the Surrogate's Court which resulted in the appointment of John W. Coe as a guardian for him.

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DYNAMITE FOR HALL OF RECORDS

Not the Old Building Itself, but Foundations Which Have Become So Hard They Have to Be Blown Up.

PICKAXE MAKES NO HEADWAY

What! This is supposed to be a state secret.

They are going to dynamite the old Hall of Records!

Surely not the Britishers who made a prison of the old building years and years ago! No, not the advocates of the red flag either, but the Bureau of Buildings.

Of course, the officials themselves won't take a stick of dynamite and hurl it against the walls, nor will they monkey with the explosive at all. They will just authorize the use of the dynamite and the contractor will do the rest.

The dynamiting is to take place some dark night, when few travelers are about, and at a time when the great rush of humanity across the bridge has ceased for the time being. Then will appear the dynamite.

Work by Stealth.

Stealthily he will approach the Hall of Records, making quiet progress, unseen under the shadows of the surrounding tall buildings.

Carefully carrying a stick of the stuff under each arm, he will steal into the basement of the domed old building and, after a quick look around, will dynamite to marked parts of the cement foundations.

Then quickly attaching the electric wire he will retire to a safe spot beneath one of the bridge arches. Then bending over the apparatus which is to send the spark into the explosive, the man will yank the handle of the electric pump. A low, reverberating sound will issue, and the earth will shake. Policemen will halt on their weary beats and wonder if the old shake-down days have again returned.

What will then happen to the old Hall of Records?

Oh, it won't be touched, for the dynamite isn't to be employed until the old structure has been removed piecemeal and carefully stored for re-erection on a chosen site, in the Corporation Yard.

The foundations have been found to be adamant. When the old-time building was prison-house they built better foundations, and the cement used for the foundations and prison walls is several feet thick and has hardened during its many years. The chilled steel.

Dynamite Will Do the Trick.

The Milesian pickaxe and Palermo crowbar had their points turned in a recent test against the cement walls. Dynamite is calculated to do the trick.

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